

## **Crushes** by [missnairobithegreat](#)

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**Summary:**

Billy Hargrove has a crush on Steve Harrington. But how does Steve feel...? (Set Pre-Season 3, I kind of like to pretend certain aspects of s3 didn't happen asjajas, this is set like... Pre-Season 3, after season 2. Like during the in-between period. My first ever Harringrove fic :)

# Crushes

## Author's Note:

Hi! This is not my first time writing fanfiction for a fandom, though I really haven't done it in years... it is, on the other hand, my very first time writing Stranger Things fanfiction. I've always wanted to write for Billy/Steve just because I was really sensing that sexual tension in s2. I also want to do some writing over the summer just to practice y'know, and largely bc I'm about to be a junior in high school and junior yr is a really busy year aha. I'm not really used to the format of this site yet but hope you enjoy this fic :)

Steve Harrington. He remembered the first time he had heard that name. The former king of Hawkins, the preppy rich boy who had it all, the one who could get any of the girls but became a different man for one...

Steve Harrington, the one who had stolen his heart at first glance.

Well, shit – describing it like that felt weird, even though it was so true... see, Billy had heard all about Steve, but no story about how Steve won the ladies or how Steve Harrington was the object of so many people's affections could quite serve Steve justice.

The first thing Billy had noticed when he saw Steve were... those eyes. Bambi eyes. So wide, so brown, so beautiful...

And then, the hair. Billy supposed that no one was better at grooming than he himself was, though Steve Harrington had room to compete. That hair took hours, it was obvious. He wanted to touch those locks, he wanted to touch them so, so badly, to run his fingers through that hair...

And next... that mouth. Those luscious, pink lips, always smirking or assisting Steve in making another stupidly adorable facial expression.

Oh, and that body... Harrington could really afford to step it up in basketball matches, yet Billy couldn't help but think that he'd love to have that in bed regardless. Harrington seemed to be the type that didn't even need to workout, unlike Billy – he just had it.

Oh yes, Billy Hargrove really did think that Steve Harrington was unthinkably gorgeous. The boy had a knack for looking as though he were wearing makeup or something, he was just so damn pretty. But it wasn't just that beautiful face and that hunky body that had Billy sprung on Steve. Unlike the girls who fawned after him, it was also easy to fall in love with Steve's personality.

It was difficult to not be a little bit curious about Steve Harrington with all the rumors and shit that were flying around about him at Hawkins High. He was once the big man on campus – emphasis on "once." It was rare for the big man on campus to change for a girl... let alone one as prissy as Nancy Wheeler (who he really hated, he did... Steve had changed for her only for her to leave him for that Byers creep? What a joke!) Especially one as rich and spoiled as Harrington, one who seemed to have the world at his fingertips. Although it was infuriating, it simultaneously was a reminder that Harrington had a sensitive side, that Harrington was sweet, that no matter who said something bad about Harrington, Harrington was actually a good guy underneath. Hadn't pressed charges or anything even after Hargrove had beat into that pretty, pretty face...

And well, something about how nice Steve was... it gave him hope. Made him believe that there was good in the world, that maybe... maybe he could become a better person, a better brother.

...Ha. Billy Hargrove, the one who beat that pretty little face in, a better person? Sounded like a joke. He could never be as good as Steve, never get Steve to forgive him for beating that beautiful face in... fuck, he shouldn't have beaten that face in. The bruises that had formed around those beautiful eyes, around those gorgeous lips, the bruises that had taken over that clear skin... god, how he wished he could kiss those lips, take that pain away, tell Steve he was sorry, so so sorry...

"Hargrove?" Those bambi eyes were staring right at him. Shit, he hadn't been staring, had he? Oh, he could play it cool...

“I – what are you lookin’ at, Harrington?”

Steve just looked at him, somewhat anxious – fuck, Billy hated the fact that Harrington felt any semblance of fear when he saw him - searching his eyes as though he... knew something, or was starting to figure out something. He couldn’t know, could he? “...Nothing, man.”

Billy sighed as he walked away. At least now he didn’t have to worry about screwing up in front of Harrington (god, what had happened to him ever since that fight? He could keep his cool in front of Harrington before...)

But what had that look meant?